THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, February 4, 1793.

Extracts from the Addreſs of Sir Archibald Macdonald, Knt. his Majeſty's Attorney General, to the Gentlemen of the Jury who brought in Thomas Paine guilty of a Libel, in publiſhing "The Second Part of the Rights of Man," delivered December 18, 1792.

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY,

YOU will permit me to ſolicit, and for no long ſpace of time, in the preſent ſtate of this buſineſs, ſomewhat of your attention to a cauſe which, conſidering it on its own merits only, is, in my humble judgement, a plain, a clear, a ſhort, and indiſputable caſe. Were it not, Gentlemen, that certain circumſtances have rendered it a caſe of more expectation than ordinary, I do aſſure you that I ſhould literally have contented myſelf this day with conducting myſelf in the manner that I did upon the laſt occaſion that I was called upon to addreſs a Jury upon this ſort of ſubject, namely, by ſimply reading to you the paſſages which I have ſelected, and leaving it entirely to your judgement. But, Gentlemen, it ſo happens that the accumulated miſchief which has ariſen from the particular book that is now before you, and the conſequences, which every body is acquainted with, which have followed from this publication, have rendered it neceſſary, perhaps, that I ſhould ſay a few words more in the opening than it would have been my intention to have done, had it not been for thoſe circumſtances.

Gentlemen, in the first place you will permit me, without the imputation, I think, of speaking of myself, (a very trifling subject, and always a disgusting one to others) to obviate a rumour which I have heard, namely, that this prosecution does not correspond with my private judgement; that has been said, and has reached my ears from various quarters. The refutation that I shall give to it is this: That I should think I deserved to be with disgrace expelled from the situation with which his Majesty has honoured me in your service, and that of all my fellow subjects, had I, as far as my private judgement goes, hesitated for one instant to bring this enormous offender, as I consider him, before a Jury of his country.

Gentlemen, the publication in question was not the first of its kind which this defendant sent forth into the world. This particular publication was preceded by one upon the same subjects, and handling, in some measure, the same topics. That publication, although extremely reprehensible, and such as, perhaps, I was not entirely warranted in overlooking, I did overlook, upon this principle, that it may not be fitting and prudent at all times, for a public prosecutor to be sharp in his prosecutions, or to have it said that he is instrumental in preventing any manner of discussion coming under the public eye, although in his own estimation it may be far indeed from that which is legitimate and proper discussion. Reprehensible as that book was, extremely so in my opinion, yet it was ushered into the world under circumstances that led me to conceive that it would be confined to the judicious reader, and when confined to the judicious reader, it appeared to me that such a man would refute as he went along.

But, gentlemen, when I found that another publication was ushered into the world still more reprehensible than the former, that in all shapes, in all sizes, with an industry incredible, it was either totally or partially thrust into the hands of all persons in this country, of subjects of every description; when I found that even children's sweet-meats were wrapped up with papers of this, and delivered into their hands, in the hope that they would read it; when all industry was used, such as I describe to you, in order to obtrude and force this upon that part of the public whose minds cannot be supposed to be conversant with subjects of this sort, and who cannot therefore correct as they go along, I thought it behoved me upon the earliest occasion, which was the first day of the term succeeding publication, to put a charge upon record against its author.

Now,

Now, gentlemen, permit me to ſtate to you what is the intention that I impute to the writer of this book. Try it by every teſt that the human mind can poſſibly ſuggeſt, and ſee whether when tried by all the variety of thoſe teſts, you will not be ſatisfied in the long run, that it does deſerve that deſcription which my duty obliges me to give of it.

Gentlemen, in the firſt place I impute to it a wilful, deliberate intention to vilify and degrade, and thereby to bring into abhorrence and contempt, the whole conſtitution of the government of this country; not as introduced, that I will never admit, but as explained and reſtored at the revolution. That ſyſtem of government under which we this day live, and which if it ſhall be attacked by contemptuous expreſſions, if by dogmatical dicta, if by ready-made propoſitions, offered to the underſtandings of men ſolicitous about the nature of their conſtitution, properly ſo, (God forbid they ever ſhould be otherwiſe) but who, at the ſame time, may eaſily be impoſed upon to their own deſtruction, they may be brought to have diffidence and even abhorrence (for this book goes all that length) of that which is the ſalvation of the public, and every thing which is dear to them.

I impute then to this book a deliberate deſign to eradicate from the minds of the people of this country that enthuſiaſtic love which they have hitherto had for that conſtitution, and thereby to do the utmoſt work of miſchief that any human being can do in this city.

Gentlemen, further I impute to it that, *in terms*, the regal part of the government of this country, bounded and limited as it is, is repreſented as an oppreſſive and an abominable tyranny.

Thirdly—That the whole legiſlature of this country is directly an uſurpation.

Again, with reſpect to the laws of this realm, which hitherto have been our boaſt, indiſcriminately and without one ſingle exception, that they are grounded upon this uſurped authority, and are therefore null, or, to uſe his own words—that there is little or no law in this country.

Then, gentlemen, is it to be held out to a community of ten or twelve millions of people, is it to be held out, as well to the lower as the better-informed claſſes of theſe ten or twelve millions, that there is nothing in this ſociety that is binding upon their conduct, excepting ſuch portion of religion or morality as they may individually and reſpectively entertain?

 Gentlemen,

Gentlemen, are we then a lawlefs banditti? Have we neither laws to fecure our property, our perfons, or our reputations?—Is it fo that every man's arms are unbound, and that he may do whatever he pleafes in the fociety?—Are we reduced back again to that favage ftate of nature? I afk you the queftion! You, gentlemen, know well what the anfwer is; but, gentlemen, are we to fay, that a man who holds this out to thofe who are not furnifhed with the means of giving the anfwer which I know you, and every gentleman who hears me at this moment, will give, is difcuffing a queftion? Can any thing add to this flander upon the conftitution; and upon the feparate parts of goverument, fo conftituted as our's is, more than that fweeping imputation upon the whole fyftem of law that binds us together—namely, that it is null and void, and that there is in reality no fuch thing to be found?

Gentlemen, in the feveral paffages which I fhall read to you, I impute this to him; alfo, that he ufes an artifice grofs to thofe who can obferve it, but dangerous in the extreme to thofe whofe minds are not fufficiently cultivated and habituated to reading to enable them to difcover it: the artifice, in order to create difguft, is neither more nor lefs than this—it is ftating all the objections that can poffibly be urged to monarchy, feparately and folely confidered, and to pure and fimple ariftocracy; he never chufes to fay a fingle fyllable with refpect to thofe two as combined with a democracy, forbearing alfo to ftate, and induftrioufly keeping out of the way, every circumftance that regards that worft of all governments, an unbalanced democracy, which is neceffarily pregnant with a democratical tyranny. This is the grofs artifice; and when you come to diffect the book in the careful manner I have done, I believe you and every other reader will eafily detect that artifice.

Gentlemen, to whom are the pofitions that are contained in this book addreffed? They are addreffed, gentlemen, to the ignorant, to the credulous, to the defperate; to the defperate all government is irkfome, nothing can be fo palatable to their ears as the comfortable doctrine that there is neither law nor government amongft us.

The ignorant and the credulous, we all know, to exift in all countries, and perhaps exactly in proportion as their hearts are good and fimple, are they an eafy to the crafty who have the cruelty to deceive them.

Gentlemen, in judging of the malignant intention which I muft impute to this author, you will be pleafed to take into your

your conſideration the phraſe and the manner as well as the matter. The phraſe I ſtate to be inſidious and artful, the manner in many inſtances ſcoffing and contemptuous, a ſhort argument, often a prevalent one, with the ignorant or the credulous. With reſpect to the matter, in my conſcience I call it treaſon, though technically, according to the laws of the country it is not.—For, gentlemen, balance the inconvenience to ſociety of that which is technically treaſon, and in this country, we muſt not, thank God, extend it, but keep it within its moſt narrow and circumſcribed definitions, but conſider the comparative difference of the miſchief that may happen from ſpreading doctrines of this ſort, and that which may happen from any treaſon whatever.

In the caſe of the utmoſt degree of treaſon, even perpetrating the death of a prince upon the throne, the law has found the means of ſupplying that calamity in a manner that may ſave the country from any permanent injury. In many periods of the hiſtory of this country, which you may eaſily recollect, it is true that the reign of a good prince has been interrupted by violence—a great evil!—but not ſo great as this: the chaſm is filled up inſtantly by the conſtitution of this country, even if that laſt of treaſons ſhould be committed.

But where is the power upon earth that can fill up the chaſm of a conſtitution that has been growing;—not for ſeven hundred years, as Mr. Paine would have you believe, from the Norman conqueſt, but from time almoſt eternal, impoſſible to trace; that has been growing as, from the ſymptoms Julius Cæſar obſerved when he found our anceſtors nearly ſavages in the country, has been growing from that period until it was conſummated at the Revolution, and ſhone forth in all its ſplendour.

In addition to this, this gentleman thinks fit even to impute to the exiſtence of that conſtitution, ſuch as I have deſcribed it, the very evils inſeparable from human ſociety, or even from human nature itſelf; all theſe are imputed to that ſcandalous, that wicked, that uſurped conſtitution under which we, the ſubjects of this country, have hitherto miſtakenly conceived that we lived happy and free.

Gentlemen, I apprehend it to be no very difficult operation of the human mind to diſtinguiſh reaſoning and well meant diſcuſſion from a deliberate deſign to calumniate the law and conſtitution under which we live, and to withdraw men's allegiance from that conſtitution; it is the operation of good ſenſe; it is therefore no difficult operation for a jury of the

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city of London; therefore, you will be pleaſed to obſerve whether the whole of this book, I ſhould rather ſay, ſuch part as I am at preſent at liberty to advert to, is not of this deſcription, that it is by no means calculated to diſcuſs and to convince, but to perform the ſhorter proceſs of inflammation; not to reaſon upon any ſubject, but to dictate; and, gentlemen, as I ſtated to you before, to dictate in ſuch a manner, and in ſuch phraſe, and with all ſuch circumſtances as cannot, in my humble apprehenſion, leave the moſt remote doubt upon your minds of what was paſſing in the heart of that man who compoſed that book——

(To be continued.)

The Hiſtory of Knowledge, Learning, and Taſte, in Great Britain, during the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. Part the Third.

[From the New Annual Regiſter, for the Year 1791.]

Continued from Page 56.

WE come now to a very important object; the ſtate of poetry in the age of Elizabeth. The preciſe nature of the Engliſh poetry of this reign, and the improvements to which it was carried, will demand a particular conſideration: But, before we proceed to that part of the ſubject, it will be proper to take a ſurvey of the degree in which Latin poetry was cultivated in Great Britain, during the period before us. We have already had occaſion to obſerve, that Drant was tolerable in this way, and Thomas Newton elegant. Were it a point of ſufficient importance, we could, without much labour, bring forward the names of a number of perſons, who exerciſed themſelves in Latin verſification. Anthony Wood, in his Athenæ, frequently ſpeaks of his learned men, as having been good poets; but it will be found, upon examination, that they have very ſlender pretenſions to the character. The poems mentioned often appear to be little more than college exertions, or occaſional tributes of reſpect to the memory of deceaſed ſcholars. Many of them were never publiſhed; and thoſe that were publiſhed received only the applauſes of a limited circle, and were quickly forgotten. In general, it may be remarked, that Latin poetry was more ſucceſsfully purſued in foreign countries, eſpecially in Italy, than in our own; and

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with regard to Great Britain, it flouriſhed leſs in England than in Scotland. This may partly be accounted for from the peculiar circumſtances of the literary men of the latter kingdom; numbers of whom had their education, and reſided much abroad; the conſequence of which was, that they contracted a higher reliſh for a ſpecies of compoſition that was peculiarly faſhionable in the places they viſited, and an excellence in which recommended them to protection and patronage. Not having the "Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum" at hand, perhaps we may be obliged to omit a few names that might deſerve to be noticed: But we cannot be guilty of any material injuſtice, in confining our attention only to the four following perſons; Patrick Adamſon, George Buchanan, James Crichton, and Mark Alexander Boyd.

Patrick Adamſon, Archbiſhop of St. Andrews, was a man of diſtinguiſhed abilites, and left, it is ſaid, ſeveral conſiderable manuſcripts behind him. His publiſhed works, conſiſt almoſt wholly in Latin poetry. Among theſe, the principal are a verſion of the book of Job, and Herod, a tragedy. As we have never read them, it is not in our power to ſay what is their ſpecific poetical merit.

Of Buchanan, we can ſpeak with ſome degree of knowledge. His character as a poet has uſually been placed as high as his character as a hiſtorian. That in this view he has uncommon excellence cannot be doubted; but perhaps the praiſes beſtowed upon him have ſometimes been expreſſed in the language of exaggeration. It has been the opinion of the beſt judges, that he occaſionally fails in the ſtrictneſs of claſſical purity, and that he is often Ovidian rather than Virgilian. His poems were very numerous, including tragedies, elegies, and compoſitions of a miſcellaneous nature; but his prime work in the poetical line, is his tranſlation of the Pſalms. As this work is very excellent in general, ſo the author particularly diſtinguiſhed himſelf in his verſion of the hundred and fourth Pſalm. With regard to this Pſalm, nine Scottiſh poets diſplayed their emulation by ſhooting in the ſame bow; but they fell far ſhort of him in the conteſt.—As we now take our leave of Buchanan, it may not be amiſs to obſerve, that he was the chief literary glory of Scotland during the preſent period. His genius was of the firſt rate, and it was eminently enriched with the ſtores of learning. The ſubjects he wrote upon were various, and in all of them he ſhewed how much he could excel in the powers of compoſition. Thoſe who are the moſt diſſatisfied with his perſonal character, and the moſt abhorrent

of his political conduct, will concur with us in our ſentiments of his abilities as a writer and a ſcholar.

In the "Admirable Crichton," as he has commonly been ſtyled, we arrive to the prodigy of the Scotch Biographical Hiſtory. His life, if credit may be given to a number of authors, was nothing but a ſcene of wonders. The powers both of body and mind, which he poſſeſſed, and his exertions of them, are repreſented as having been tranſcendant.—But it unfortunately happens, that ſeveral of the narratives which we have of him, cannot ſufficiently be depended upon. They are of doubtful authority, and particularly will not ſtand the rigid teſt of chronological diſcuſſion. Neither are the few monuments which are left of his genius of ſuch a nature, as will ſupport the extraordinary ideas that have been entertained concerning him. Four Latin poems conſtitute all his writings that have been tranſmitted to poſterity; and it cannot be ſaid of them, that they place his poetical invention and abilities in a very high point of view. The character which has been given of Crichton, by one who has examined the matter, is as follows: "He was a youth of ſuch lively parts as excited great preſent admiration, and high expectations with regard to his future attainments, He appears to have had a fine perſon, to have been adroit in his bodily exerciſes, to have poſſeſſed a peculiar felicity in learning languages, to have enjoyed a remarkably quick and retentive memory, and to have excelled in a power of declamation, a fluency of ſpeech, and a readineſs of reply. His knowledge, likewiſe, was probably very uncommon for his years; and this, in conjunction with his other qualities, enabled him to ſhine in public diſputation. But whether his knowledge and learning were accurate or profound, may juſtly be queſtioned; and it may equally be doubted, whether he would have ariſen to any extraordinary degree of eminence in the literary world. It will always be reflected upon with regret, that his early and untimely death prevented this matter from being brought to the teſt of experiment."

Mark Alexander Boyd was of a character ſimilar to that of Crichton. He reſembled him in the livelineſs of his talents, the eccentricity of his diſpoſition, and the variety of his adventures. In amiableneſs of temper and manners, Crichton appears to have been ſuperior to Boyd. But however defective Boyd might be in this reſpect, he was undoubtedly a man of abilities, which he exerted on various occaſions. He left behind him ſeveral manuſcripts on philological, political, and hiſtorical ſubjects, written in Latin and in French, both which

languages were as familiar to him as his native tongue. The only works of his that have ever been committed to the press are his Poems, which consist of two books of epigrams, fourteen Epistles of the Heroines, and fourteen Hymns. As a Latin poet, Boyd rises above many of his contemporaries. His Epistles of the Heroines are happy imitations of Ovid; and his Hymns, which are in the heroic measure, are endued with a poetic spirit. They are not, as might be expected from the appellation given them, of a devotional, but a miscellaneous nature. Three instances excepted, they derive their separate titles from some herb, flower, or plant. We have no difficulty in asserting, that Boyd was a better poet than Crichton.

English poetry assumed a peculiar importance and character in the reign of Elizabeth. This was owing to a variety of causes and circumstances, in the delineation of which the best task we can perform, and the most acceptable service we can offer to our readers, is to give an abridged account of what Mr. Warton has advanced upon the subject. The age we are treating of has often been called the golden age of our poetry; and, if this may not be true in the strictest sense, it was certainly a very poetical era, and few periods can be mentioned in our history which shine in that view with superior lustre. The principal features that strike us in the poetry of the times, are the predominancy of fables, fiction, and fancy, and a fondness for interesting adventures and pathetic events. This characteristic distinction may be chiefly referred to the following principles, which were sometimes blended, and sometimes had a single operation. The principles we speak of were the revival and vernacular versions of the classics; the visionary reveries or refinements of false philosophy; a degree of superstition, sufficient for the purposes of poetry; the adoption of the machineries of romance; and the frequency and improvement of allegoric exhibitions in the popular spectacles.

After the corruptions and impostures of popery had been detected and exposed, and the treasures of antiquity had been opened, a new turn was given to the human mind. The fashion of cultivating the Greek and Roman learning became general; and the literary character was no longer appropriated to scholars by profession, but assumed by the nobility and gentry. Formerly the ecclesiastics had found it their interest to keep the ancient languages to themselves, and for ages they had succeeded in being almost the sole depositaries of knowledge; but now men were eager to obtain an acquaintance with what had so

long been injuriously concealed. The laity had been taught to assert their natural privileges, and would not permit the clergy to retain the monopoly of literature. Such was the curiosity for new discoveries, that all persons of leisure and fortune were excited to the study of the classics. What at present would be deemed pedantry, was then considered as politeness. An indispensable and almost the principal object in the circle of a gentleman's education, was the acquisition of an accurate apprehension of the phraseology and peculiarities of the poets, historians, and orators of antiquity. This, however, often went little farther than to a kind of technical erudition. Even the young ladies of fashion were carefully instituted in classical letters; and the daughter of a Duchess was taught not only to distil strong waters, but to construe Greek. Queen Elizabeth's passion for literary attainments was then natural, and resulted from the genius and habitudes of the age.

As the works of antiquity were thus familiarised to the great, every thing was tinctured with ancient history and mythology. Though the Heathen Gods were discountenanced by the rigid puritans, on a supposition that they tended to cherish and revive a spirit of idolatry, they came, nevertheless, into general vogue. Almost every pageant that was presented to the Queen, when she paraded through a country town, might be regarded as a pantheon. If she paid a visit at the seat of any of her nobility, on entering the hall, she was saluted by the penates, and conducted to her privy-chamber by Mercury. Nay, the pastry-cooks were expert mythologists; for at dinner, select transformations of Ovid's Metamorphoses were exhibited in confectionary; and the splendid iceing of an immense historic plumb-cake was embossed with a delicious basso-relievo of the destruction of Troy. When, in the afternoon, her Majesty condescended to walk in the garden, the lake was covered with tritons and nereids; the pages of the family were converted into wood-nymphs, who peeped from every bower; and the footmen gamboled over the lawns in the figure of satyrs. This inundation of classical pedantry speedily infected our poetry. These novel imaginations dazzled our writers, who were already trained in the school of fancy, and induced them to decorate every composition with the divinities and heroes of Pagan antiquity. The consequence of this was, that allusions to ancient fable, were often introduced without any regard to propriety. The familiarity, however, with the ancient story, which by degrees had spread among the common people, was not so much owing to the prevailing study

of

of the original authors, as the numerous Engliſh verſions of them, which were continually appearing, and employed many a pen. Theſe tranſlations had the effect of giving a general notoriety to the fables of antiquity. Ovid's Metamorphoſes in particular, tranſlated by Golding, diſcloſed a new world of fiction, even to the illiterate; and as all the pagan ſtores exiſted in the Engliſh language, and in books generally read, learned allusions, whether in a poem or a pageant, were underſtood by common readers and common ſpectators. It is obſervable, that our countrymen were firſt principally ſtruck with the fabulous inventions of the claſſics. To their regularity of deſign, and juſtneſs of ſentiment, little attention was paid. It was beyond the comprehenſion of a comparatively rude age, to imitate the natural beauties of the ancient poets, in preference to their mythological fictions. Theſe fictions captivated ſo ſtrongly the fancy of our writers, that they were purſued to a blameable exceſs.

Another prime ſource of the poetry peculiar to this period, may be traced in the numerous tranſlations of Italian tales into our own tongue. As theſe narratives were not confined altogether to romantic inventions, but deſcribed real life and manners, and excelled in the artful arrangement of fictitious yet probable events, they afforded a new gratification to the public, and became the faſhionable amuſement of all who profeſſed to read for pleaſure. A multitude of plays and poems which would not otherwiſe have exiſted, took their riſe from them; and they turned the thoughts of our writers to inventions of their own, of a ſimilar nature. Previouſly to the circulation of theſe books, affecting ſituations, the combination of incident, and the pathos of cataſtrophe, were little known; and the diſtreſs in particular, that ariſes from the conflicts of the tender paſſion, had not yet been painted in its moſt intereſting forms. From a peruſal of the works in queſtion, our poets in general, and eſpecially our dramatic poets, borrowed ideas of a legitimate plot, and the complication of facts, neceſſary to conſtitute either a comic or a tragic ſtory. As knowledge increaſed, genius had wanted ſubjects and materials; but the tranſlations from the Italian authors, ſupplied the place which had formerly been occupied by legends and chronicles. The old hiſtorical ſongs of the minſtrels contained, indeed, much bold adventure, heroic enterpriſe, and ſtrong touches of rude delineation; but they were defective in that multiplication and diſpoſition of circumſtances, and in that deſcription of characters and events, approaching nearer to

truth and reality, which a more curious and diſcerning age began to demand. By this ſort of reading, the rugged features of the original Gothic romance were ſoftened ; and the Italian paſtoral, with ſome mixture of the kind of incidents deſcribed in Heliodorus' Ethiopic Hiſtory, was engrafted on the feudal manners in Sidney's Arcadia.

One thing which deſerves to be remembered is, that the reformation had not yet diſpelled every deluſion, nor diſenchanted all the ſtrong holds of ſuperſtition. In the mouldering creed of tradition a few dim characters were yet apparent ; nor was it indeed to be expected that the firſt glimmerings of the morning of ſcience ſhould cauſe every goblin of ignorance to vaniſh. Reaſon permitted a few demons ſtill to linger, which ſhe choſe to retain in her ſervice under the direction of poetry. It was ſtill the belief of men, or at leaſt they were willing to believe, that ſpirits were hovering around, who brought with them " Airs from Heaven or blaſts from Hell ;" that the ghoſt was duly releaſed from his priſon of torment at the ſound of the curfew ; and that fairies imprinted myſterious circles on the turf by moonlight. Even the pretenders to ſcience and profound ſpeculation continued to be infected with much of this credulity. Moſt of theſe fabulous notions had undoubtedly been credited and entertained, in a far higher degree, in the preceding period. But the poets of thoſe times were too little ſkilled in the arts of compoſition, to manage the fictions of the age with proper addreſs and judgment. In Elizabeth's reign we were arrived at that point, when the national credulity, chaſtened by reaſon, had produced a kind of civiliſed ſuperſtition, and left a ſet of traditions, which were ſufficient for poetic decorations, and yet not too violent and chimerical for common ſenſe. Even the ſcientific Hobbes gave his ſanction to an extravagance of fancy in the productions of poetry.

(To be concluded in our next.)

AN ANECDOTE.

DR. JOHNSON was initiated in the claſſics at Lichfield-ſchool, under Mr. Hunter, of whom he always gave the character of being a very ſevere maſter. Mr. Langton aſked the Doctor one day, how he acquired ſo accurate a knowledge of Latin ? He replied, " Sir, my maſter whipped me very well, without that I ſhould have done nothing." He told Mr. Langton,

Langton, that while Hunter was flogging his boys unmercifully, he uſed to ſay, "And this I do, to ſave you from the gallows." Johnſon, upon all occaſions, expreſſed his approbation of enforcing inſtruction by means of the rod. "I would rather (ſaid he) have the rod to be the general terror to all, to make them learn, than tell a child, if you do thus, or th—s, you will be more eſteemed than your brothers or ſiſters. The rod pro- effect which terminates in itſelf. A child is afraid of being whipped, and gets his taſk, and there's an end on't; whereas, by exciting emulation and compariſons of ſuperiority, you lay the foundation of laſting miſchief; you make brothers and ſiſters hate each other."

AN EXCELLENT CHARACTER.

CORNELIUS is a man of 1500l. per annum. When he came to his eſtate, the net income thereof ſcarcely exceeded half its preſent value; but by a frugal and prudent conduct, he hath paid a large debt, with which his land had been encumbered during many years. He was always of a thoughtful and ſtudious diſpoſition; and, as men of this character are generally enemies to pomp and noiſe, ſo Cornelius was ever averſe to public employments. He had arrived to ſuch a knowledge of mankind, at an age when men commonly but begin this ſtudy, as to know, that it required a greater degree of firmneſs and reſolution to maintain an integrity amidſt public corruption, than what his tender unexperienced youth could pretend to; the temptations in ſuch departments being no leſs perſuaſive than they are numerous. The ſuſpected hypocriſy of ſome, the apparent diſhoneſty of others, and the great folly of moſt, were to him powerful inducements to retirement; ſo far as ſuch receſs is agreeable to thoſe unalterable ties and obligations which a man lies under, of being ſerviceable to his country. Yet this his retreat proceeded by no means from a ridiculous affectation, a ſordid deſire of eaſe, and a culpable diſguſt to buſineſs; but from a ſerious reflection upon the difficulties of filling public ſtations with honour; the unkind conſtructions which men are apt to put upon the beſt intentions; and the univerſal ingratitude which the moſt laudable meaſures are ſure to meet with, if unattended with ſucceſs. Ingratitude! that vice by which the moſt delicate minds are the moſt eaſily affected, as the tendereſt conſtitutions are the ſooneſt indiſpoſed by the inclemency of the weather.

A ſhallow

A ſhallow inſight into mankind may generate pride and a ſupercilious behaviour; but a profound philoſopher hath too much knowledge to be vain, envious, and ill-natured. The conſequences of an unbounded underſtanding, are humanity, generoſity, and love. Thus the auſterity of Cornelius's virtue is ſo ſmoothed by the ſweetneſs of his diſpoſition, improved by his knowledge, that his converſation is never leſs obliging than inſtructive; and ſo judiciouſly are good ſenſe and a genteel behaviour interwoven together, that it is difficult to determine, in this happy compoſition, which is moſt predominant, the acute philoſopher, or the fine gentleman.

With theſe qualifications my friend is retired into the country. The method of paſſing his time is amidſt his books in the morning; and in the afternoon his hours are devoted to friendſhip, or the ſurveying of his eſtate. It is highly pleaſing to obſerve with what a mixture of affection and reſpect the tenants ſalute their landlord, the moſt inferior of them appearing rather a ſpecies of friends than dependants. He hath ſo juſtly calculated the product of the farms they occupy, as to allow the huſbandmen ample ſupplies for the maintenance of their families; and the tenants are ſo thoroughly acquainted with the greatneſs of their maſter's ſoul, as to know, that the improvements, which they make upon his eſtates, will never prove a temptation to him to raiſe their rents, without allowing them proper rewards for their induſtry. By theſe means there is not a ſpot of ground uncultivated.

Before I conclude this paper, I muſt beg the reader's attention to the relating of a fact, which I was informed of by the farmer immediately concerned. A few days ago, this honeſt huſbandman was waiting upon my friend, to diſcharge a part of his year's rent. Upon the entrance of Ruricolus into the room, Cornelius obſerved a ſettled melancholy in his countenance; and, ſuſpecting the cauſe thereof, prevented the farmer's complaints, by aſking him, whether he had made the ſame grain this year of his acres as formerly? To which the countrymen replied, that the violence of the winds laſt autumn, and the ſudden ſtorms of ſnow towards the concluſion of the winter, had ſcattered ſuch large quantities of his corn, and deſtroyed ſuch a number of his ſheep, that, were it not for a little money which he had laid up, he could not have ſupported the ſeverity of the ſhock. Cornelius knowing the truth of the ſtory, and the diligence of the huſbandman, generouſly remitted him half the year's rent.

By theſe means Cornelius enjoys thoſe extatic pleaſures which none but minds exaltedly virtuous are capable of reliſhing. He hath a ſecret lodged within him for ſerenity and peace againſt all inclemency of weather and intemperature of the ſeaſons. The rude blaſts of the eaſt wind teem with as many bleſſings as the moſt fertile zephyrs; inaſmuch as the former enable him to taſte the fruits of the latter in their trueſt perfection, by furniſhing him with opportunities of relieving unfortunate induſtry and diſtreſt virtue; by placing it in his power to anſwer the neceſſitous petition of a forlorn widow, and the moving cries of the hungry orphan.

Go on, great man!—The Heavens ſhall ever ſmile on the largeneſs of thy ſoul, and ſhed their moſt friendly influences upon thee, thy family, thy lands, thy cattle! Thus ſhall thy days never know interruption of happineſs, and thy end ſhall be crowned with the applauſe of thy Maker.

W. M.

The HAYMAKER:

A TALE.

I Was taking one day, in the ſun-ſhining interval between the then frequent ſhowers, my wonted ramble, ſolitarily by the banks of the New River, acroſs ſome pleaſant fields, ſeveral miles on the other ſide of London, when I was accoſted by a labouring man, in tolerably decent attire, but who with a pathetic voice pleaded for charity.

My mind happened to be wrapt, at the time, in abſtruſe contemplation, and, as I have rather an habitual prejudice—not againſt diſtreſs.—Almighty Diſpoſer of the ever-veering fortunes of mankind, forbid it!—but againſt profeſſional beggary—it is the vicious profeſſion of indolence and hypocriſy. I paſſed ſilently on, purſuing my road, and the chain of my meditations, and he in a contrary direction proceeded without any audible murmur, in queſt of ſome more generous traveller, whoſe boſom unſteeled by prejudice, could feel the gentle puncture of compaſſion.

Somehow or other, however, my eye glanced as he paſſed upon the formidable weapon he was trailing dejectedly along the ground. It was the implement of ruſtic labour, ſuited to the ſeaſon, though the long continuance of unfavourable weather had prevented the opportunities of its uſe.

Our feelings for our fellow-creatures depend much upon the opportunities we have of making compariſon between them; and I could not but, on the preſent occaſion, compare the humble (I bluſh to ſay the unanſwered) petition of this unhappy ruſtic, with the atrocious violence, by which, under circumſtances of ſcarcely ſuperior privacy, my life had been recently endangered.

How eaſily (the thought paſſed inſtantaneouſly acroſs my mind) might this poor being, whoſe modeſty ſpeaks his genuine diſtreſs, (for ſeldom is real miſery importunate) pervert his inſtrument of induſtry into that of hoſtility and relieve the oppreſſions of diſtreſs, which the hard conditions of ſociety, too much, too unneceſſarily prone to unequal diſtribution, have laid upon him. How quickly, indeed, might the ſharp prongs of that implement level the proud diſtinction, between this moving and this inſenſate earth; O let not every one who lolls on the couch of luxurious affluence, or beholds the comfortable board of competency ſpread before him, be certain that he might not be tempted (were the keen tooth of hunger now gnawing at his vitals) to ſeize this opportunity to abuſe the peaceful ſteel.

I turned inſtantly round, and my hand ſympathizing with the feelings of my heart, waited not for the cold approbation of reaſon, but went immediately, and inſtinctively, to my pocket.

I know not whether it was, that the neglected ſuppliant perceived me to be rather inattentive than unfeeling, and had therefore hopes of my repentence, or whether the involuntary reproach of ſilent anguiſh dictated his emotion, but certain it is that, juſt at the ſame moment, as if by the ſame inſtinct, he turned round again toward me, and diſplayed to me as meek, as honeſt, and as ſupplicating a countenance as ever was ſhaded by a few grey hairs.

His garb was decent, and his coarſe ſhirt, buttoned about his neck, without any handkerchief, though brown, was evidently clean; and though the marks of want were conſpicuous in his countenance, his whole appearance had nothing of that emaciation which characterizes habitual wretchedneſs.

Such were the impreſſions he made upon my mind, as, with an attitude which ſeemed to ſay, " Can you behold with indifference the aged victim of unforeſeen misfortune?" he approaching toward me.

He had come, with others, from a diſtant county, in order, while employment was yet ſcarce at home, (the harveſts of every kind, as is well known, being always earlieſt in the

neighbourhood of the metropolis) to earn a little ſomething for his family, by helping to get in the hay in that part of the country; and he had ſpent all his little ſtock, unavoidably, upon the road; but rainy weather having moſt unſeaſonably ſet in, and as, (by a ſtrange neglect in the proviſions for the labouring poor) they are paid by the day, and not by the ſeaſon, we all of us very well know, that though ſunſhine and rain are equally neceſſary for the general ſupport of mankind, the labourer is only enabled to eat when the ſky is clear.

Such were the reflections produced by his ſimple tale; a tale whoſe veracity I had no reaſon to doubt, as it was rather told as an apology for his having ſolicited, than as a plea to excite my compaſſion; I having, before he opened his lips, given him, what ſome prudent people perhaps would think more than my circumſtances would juſtify, though I have ſince often been inclined to conceive, leſs than a better judge will think I ought to have beſtowed, conſidering how much misfortune had caſt him beneath even my own humble lot.

It is always a maxim with me, that we ſhould either give rather liberally, or not at all. If the petitioner is a common profeſſional beggar, even ſingle halfpence are too much, becauſe they are given to the encouragement of an indolent nuiſance to our public ſtreets; and we know very well that hypocriſy and importunity frequently maintain their profeſſors in dirty luxury. If the object of our charity is really ſtimulated by occaſional diſtreſs, to prefer his modeſt plea, to give a half-penny or two is to do nothing; for it is an evident, though a melancholy, truth, that the contributors to ſuch petitioners will be few; and as we may be ſure that ſuch will only aſk till their real wants are relieved, we ought, as far as is in our power, to remove the painful neceſſity.

ANTONIO.

An Account of the Author of that excellent Book, "The Great Importance of a Religious Life."

WILLIAM MELMOTH, Eſq. a learned and worthy bencher of Lincoln's-inn, was born in 1666. In conjunction with Mr. Peere Williams, Mr. Melmoth was the publiſher of Vernon's Reports, under an order of the Court of Chancery. He had once an intention of printing his own reports; and a ſhort time before his death advertiſed them at the end of thoſe of his coadjutor Peere Williams, as then

actually preparing for the preſs. They have, however, not yet made their appearance. But the performance for which he juſtly deſerves to be held in perpetual remembrance is, "The Great Importance of a Religious Life;" concerning which it may be mentioned, to the credit of the age, that notwithſtanding many large editions had before been circulated, 42,000 copies of this uſeful treatiſe have been ſold in the laſt eighteen years. It is a ſomewhat ſingular circumſtance, that the real author of this moſt admirable treatiſe ſhould never before have been publicly known (it having been commonly attributed to the firſt Earl of Egmont, and particularly by Mr. Walpole in his Catalogue) which is the more ſurpriſing, as the author is plainly pointed out in the following ſhort character prefixed to the book itſelf; "It may add weight, perhaps, to the reflections contained in the following pages, to inform the reader, that the author's life was one uniform exemplar of thoſe precepts which, with ſo generous a zeal, and ſuch an elegant and affecting ſimplicity of ſtyle, he endeavours to recommend to general practice. He left others to contend for modes of faith, and inflame themſelves and the world with endleſs controverſy: It was the wiſer purpoſe of his more ennobled aim, to act up to thoſe clear rules of conduct which revelation has graciouſly preſcribed. He poſſeſſed by temper every moral virtue; by religion every Chriſtian grace. He had a humanity that melted at every diſtreſs; a charity which not only thought no evil, but ſuſpected none. He exerciſed his profeſſion with a ſkill and integrity which nothing could equal but the diſintereſted motive that animated his labours, or the amiable modeſty which accompanied all his virtues. He employed his induſtry, not to gratify his own deſires; no man indulged himſelf leſs: Not to accumulate uſeleſs wealth; no man more diſdained ſo unworthy a purſuit: It was for the decent advancement of his family, for the generous aſſiſtance of his friends, for the ready relief of the indigent. How often did he exert his diſtinguiſhed abilities, yet refuſe the reward of them, in defence of the widow, the fatherleſs, and him that had none to help him! In a word, few have ever paſſed a more uſeful, not one a more blameleſs life, and his whole time was employed either in doing good or in meditating it. He died on the 6th of April 1743, and lies buried, under the cloiſter of Lincoln's-inn chapel. *Mem. pat. opt. mer. fil. dict.*" The ſon, by whom this character is drawn, is William Melmoth, Eſq. the celebrated tranſlator of Pliny and of Cicero's Letters; and

author

author of those which pass under the name of Sir Thomas Fitzosborne.

Short Account of a violent Storm which happened in Scotland in 1633.

[From Spalding's History of the Troubles in that Country.]

UPON Thursday the 7th of February, there began a great storm of snow, with horrible high winds, whilk was noted to be universal through all Scotland. This hideous winds was marked to be such, as the like had never been seen here in these parts, for it would overturn countrymens houses to the ground, and some persons suddenly smo'red within, without relief. It also threw down the stately crown bigged of curious eslar work, off the steeple of the King's College of Old Aberdeen, whilk was thereafter re-edified and built up, little inferior to the first.

This outrageous storm stopped the ordinary course of ebbing and flowing on sundry waters, by the space of twenty-four hours, such as the waters of Leith, Dundee, Montrose, and other parts.

A REFLECTION.

HOW strange it is that human beings should take so much pains to injure each other, when with half the trouble they might so much augment their own happiness, as well as that of their neighbours!

Answer, by John Duckham, of Taunton, to Fidelio's Question, inserted October 8.

AS A. travels 5 miles a day, B. 8, and C. 10 miles, the difference of their travelling is 3, 5, and 2, then I say as

M. D. M.

$3 : 1 :: 73 : \frac{73}{3}$, at which time A. will have made $1\frac{2}{3}$ revolutions, B. $2\frac{2}{3}$ and C. $3\frac{1}{3}$. But as C. makes two revolutions to A.'s 1. they can never be altogether 'till they have made

entire revolutions; therefore as the denominators are all 3, multiply the days and each number of revolutions by 3, there will reſult 73 days, A. 5 revolutions, B. 8, and C. 10, which are the revolutions they muſt make before they will be all together. Q. E. D. This ſeems evident enough, and the other anſwer, in my opinion, muſt be erroneous.

‡ We have received the like anſwer from Thomas Joſtling, of Chard academy; J. Tucker, of Penryn; J. Collins, of Uffculm; S. Hill, Dawliſh; and a pupil of Mr. Smyth's ſchool at St. Stephens.

Anſwer, by W. Hodgſon, of Tywardreath, to T. Joſtling's Anagram, inſerted November 19.

GO when tranſpos'd, OG it will ſhow,
Which is a Scripture name I know.

‖§‖ We have received the like anſwer from T. Roberts, of Tywardreath; R. Uren, of Grampound; and T. Walker, of Hemyock.

Anſwer, by W. Brewer, of Taunton, to John Iſaac's Charade, inſerted November 26.

AN INK-HORN's ſurely what you meant,
If I the anſwer right have ſent.

§‡§ We have received the like anſwer from Eremita, and I. Salter, of Weſton Zoyland; *Un Garcon*, of St. Auſtle; T. G. of Bridgewater; R. Uren junior, and Wm. Smyth, of Grampound; James Traer, of Truro; Wm. Hodgſon, and T. Roberts, of Tywardreath; and Linco, of Liſkeard, in Cornwall.

A REBUS, *by Tyro, of St. Auſtell.*

WHAT Flora's tribe are when in bloom;
A fruit that's pleaſant next make known;

A bird

A bird that hails the roſy morn;
A garment oft by women worn;
A ſcience next you are to find;
A metal then pray call to mind;
A fiſh which in our ſeas is found;
The god of marriage now expound;

The initials plac'd in order right,
A tin mine's name they'll bring to ſight.

A CHARADE, *by William Smyth, of Grampound.*

WHEN terror ſpreads his ſullen robe,
And ſudden earthquakes cleave the globe;
When thunders clap and lightnings fly,
My firſt is then expected nigh.

And when the bright refulgent ſun,
Is from the ſtately dial run,
Then doth my next diſplay its powers,
To count my ſwift and fleeting hours.

Go ſcrutinize yon hollow tomb,
Where noiſy worms and inſects roam,
My whole devours its wonted prey,
And feeds on putrefying clay.

An ENIGMA, *by Orlando, near Truro, Cornwall.*

WILD fancy's child, to nothing long confin'd,
I'm fickle as the weather or the wind;
In monſtrous forms I oftentimes appear,
But am careſſed for the name I bear;
Numbers confeſs my gentle, pleaſing ſway,
And idol-like to me their homage pay;
In city, town, and e'en in country too,
From lord and lady down to Tom and Sue;
They're ſo ſubſervient to my will, that they
Torture themſelves my precepts to obey;
Was I to dictate it I do believe
Each man would Adam be, each woman Eve.

P O E T R Y.

TRANSLATION *from* PETRARCH.

"Ne la ſtagion che'l ciel rapido inchina."

By WILLIAM PARSONS, *Eſq.* *F. R. S.*

AT the ſoft hour of twilight gray,
  When fades the landſcape on our eyes,
And light's pure beam is borne away
  Elſewhere to glad th' expecting ſkies;
    The female pilgrim, worn with age,
  Who treads alone the darkening waſte,
  Doubles her ſteps with anxious haſte,
    'Till finiſh'd is her daily ſtage;
  And wearied then, in peace reclin'd,
    Refreſhing ſlumbers are beſtow'd,
  That chaſe from her oblivious mind
    The horrors of the doubtful road,
But ſtill new griefs the day-ſtar brings to me,
And with increaſe of woe his parting ray I ſee.

  When rolls the ſun his flaming wheels
    To yield to night's returning reign,
  And the vaſt ſhadows lengthening ſteal
    From loftieſt mountains o'er the plains,
  The lab'rer takes his ruſtic arms,
    And with rude ſhouts or ſimple ſong,
    Winding the various path along,
  Far from his breaſt all ſorrow charms;
'Till on his board coarſe viands ſpread,
  Like thoſe primœval acorns lie
  Which mortals honour tho' they fly,
And joy appears, and care is fled:
Yet joy no more my ſuffering boſom knows,
Nor can the rolling planets bring me ſhort repoſe.

The

The ſhepherd, when yon orb of day
Sinks like an orb into his neſt,
And eaſtern ſkies, in dark array,
Make contraſt with the crimſon weſt,
Leaving the mead, the grove, the brook,
Homewards his way contented holds,
Drives ſlowly to the evening folds
His drowſy flock with guiding crook,
And far from noiſe reclines ſecure
In cave or hut with branches wove;
Thou cruel Love! doſt then allure
Still more my wakeful ſteps to rove,
Purſuing her, who, like the timid hare,
Stops but again to fly, and mocks my reſtleſs care.

To ſome calm port by tempeſts blown,
The ſailor ſweet repoſe hath found,
On the hard deck his limbs are thrown,
And rugged garments wrap him round.
Tho' Phœbus ſeeks the diſtant main
Beyond th' Herculean columns tall,
And night's kind mantle covers all,
While men and beaſts forget their pain,
My ſorrows ſtill increaſing flow,
And each ſucceeding day is paſt
In ſad exceſs of bitter woe,
As vain and fruitleſs as the laſt!
I ten long years have meaſured thus in grief,
Unknowing where to ſeek, or how to hope relief.

Since ſome ſmall ſolace thence I find,
Still let me pour the mournful ſtrain:
Lo! where the looſen'd oxen wind
From furrow'd hills wide o'er the plain;
Yet ceaſe not theſe heart-rending ſighs,
My heavier yoke is ne'er remov'd;
No reſpite has this boſom prov'd,
But day and night my tears ariſe!
Ah me! ill-fated was the hour
When firſt I ſaw her matchleſs grace;
Nor time, nor art, can now have power
The ſtrong impreſſion to efface,
'Till ſeiz'd by death this anxious life is o'er,
Nor am I well aſſur'd I then ſhall love no more!

My ſong !—if any aſk thee, tell
Where now retir'd I chuſe to dwell;
In the cloſed vale where Sorga ſprings,
While Love alone approaches nigh,
Who to my thought her image brings
For whom all human ſteps I fly !

STANZAS *to* TIME.

By Mrs. RÖBINSON.

CAPRICIOUS foe to human joy,
Still varying with the fleeting day;
With thee the pureſt raptures cloy,
The faireſt proſpects fade away.
Nor worth, nor pow'r, thy wings can bind,
All earthly pleaſures fly with thee;
Inconſtant as the wav'ring wind,
That plays upon the ſummer's ſea.

I court thee not, ungentle gueſt,
For I have e'er been doom'd to find
Life's gayeſt hours but idly dreſs'd
With ſweets that pall the ſick'ning mind:
When ſmiling Hope with placid mien
Around my couch did fondly play;
Too oft the äery form I've ſeen;
On downy pinions glide away.

But when perplex'd with pain or care,
My couch with thorns was ſcatter'd round;
And when the pale prieſt of Deſpair
My mind in fatal ſpells had bound;
When the dull hours no joy could bring,
No bliſs my weary fancy prove;
I mark'd thy lead in pond'rous wing,
With tardy pace unkindly move.

If ſuch thy gifts, Oh Time! for thee
My ſated heart ſhall ne'er repine;
I vow content to Fate's decree,
And with thy thorn thy roſes twine;
Yet, e'er thy fickle reign ſhall end,
The balmy ſweets of Friendſhip's hour
I'll with my cup of ſorrow blend,
And ſmile, regardleſs of thy pow'r.